

RUHLIN

Must Win Tonight.

His Chances of Being World's Champion

Depend On Result of Maher Contest.

Art Simms Has Two Matches In Sight.

Will Break Away From Akron—Local Sporting News.

The contest at Philadelphia tonight between Gus Ruhlman and Peter Maher is the most important in the career of the Akron Giant.

On the result depends his future in the prize ring. A decisive victory over Maher insures him a match with Jeffries for the world's championship. If he loses he will be forced to take a back seat and Tom Sharkey will be matched with the big boiler-maker.

Ruhlman realizes the importance that attaches to tonight's contest. He has trained faithfully for the go and dispatches from Philadelphia say that he is in splendid shape for a hard, bruising go. He is picked as a sure winner and on form he seems to have all the better of it. Since his famous 20-round draw with Maher he has steadily improved. On the other hand Maher has gone back. In the former contest Gus had a shade the better of the fighting. It looks as though he should win and that he will put his man away inside of six rounds.

A special from New York says: In the arena of the Penn Art club of Philadelphia tonight will be fought a heavyweight battle of the keenest interest to devotees of pugilism. The principals will be Peter Maher, who enjoys the doubtful distinction of being the champion of Ireland, and Gus Ruhlman, the Akron Giant. Importance attaches to the bout by reason of the fact that James J. Jeffries has agreed to meet the better man in a contest for the heavyweight championship of the world in Cincinnati in February.

According to the agreement signed by Maher and Ruhlman they will box six rounds for a percentage of the gross receipts. Under the laws of the Quaker City no decision can be rendered by the referee in favor of either contestant in a sparring bout. The Philadelphia authorities issue permits for exhibitions of the manly art with the understanding that pugilists can exhibit their skill in a mild way, leaving the spectators to judge the merits of the style of the contestants.

In the absence of an official ruling by the referee convincing proof of the superiority of one fighter over another, however, is not prevented, because of the referee's inability to give his official views of the battle. The principals fight just as hard as if the bout was conducted without the restrictions named. So that Maher and Ruhlman will have ample opportunity to thoroughly test each other's prowess. A knockout for either pugilist will, of course, clinch his claim to consideration from Jeffries. Personally the champion prefers Ruhlman, as his opponent for the Cincinnati meeting, and has expressed the hope that the Akron Giant will clearly demonstrate his superiority over the Irishman. He has stated, however, that if Ruhlman's showing against Maher is of a disappointing character and the Irishman outpoints the Ohio boxer decisively he will recognize the right of the latter to a match with him. On tonight's battle hinges the future fighting status of the big fellows. The bout also opens the avenue to a possible supreme pugilistic triumph for the winner, and many thousands of dollars as well. Both men realize the value of victory, and it is fair to presume that each man will make a desperate effort to out-point the other.

Reports from their respective training quarters where the men have been

exercising for several weeks, indicate that Maher and Ruhlman are in perfect physical condition and will enter the ring fit for a hard struggle. Both men are of about the same build. There is also little difference in their height, weight and reach. Ruhlman, perhaps, has the advantage in that he has led a more careful life than the man who will face him in Philadelphia. This advantage always strongly asserts itself in a prolonged contest, but experts insist that it is not of material assistance to a fighter in a boxing event of short duration. If this is the case the employment of the phrase "that the men are evenly matched" is justified.

Maher and Ruhlman are by no means strangers to each other with the gloves, having fought twenty rounds to a draw. It was a bruising battle from start to finish, and both were severely marked at the end. Since then both men have improved their knowledge of the finer points of sparring. Ruhlman's friends claim that their man is a better fighter today than when he fought the Irishman two years ago. Many good judges are of the same way of thinking. Maher has numerous admirers, and they are strong in the belief that Peter will score often enough to prove to those at the ringside that he is a better fighter than the West-erner and a worthy opponent for Jeffries.

NEW RACING CIRCUIT.

A stock company has been organized in Ohio which will have the control of the track at Newburg and the Valley track near Cleveland. These two tracks with the Rockport track and the track at Erie, Pa., will form a circuit which will last through the season, a meeting being held in each town once a week throughout the summer. This will come pretty near being continuous racing.

HOW TO BE A BAG PUNCHER.

As is well known, Bob Fitzsimmons is one of the most proficient bag punchers in the country, therefore, the following little talk on the science of punching the bag from the pen of the ex-champion should prove interesting. The merest novice can, by constant work, become a bag puncher of no mean ability in a surprisingly short space of time. Another advantage that the exercise has is that it does not cost very much to rig up a platform and bag. Any boy can rig up a platform and faster it to the ceiling of his woodshed, attic or cellar. Then he can save up his pennies until he gets \$2 or \$3. That won't buy the best punching bag in the world, but it will get one that will do, and do very nicely at a pinch. Have your platform about two feet above your head. Let the ball hang on the level, with the bottom just about on a level or a little bit above your shoulders. It's best when punching the ball to stand on the bare floor, not on a mat, as you are apt to become sluggish in your foot work if you adopt the latter course. Wear regular gymnasium shoes and the less clothes you have on the better. It will give you more freedom of movement. Put on small gloves. If you can't get what are known as "punching bag" gloves, take an old pair of kid gloves. You can cut the ends of the fingers off if you want to, as the glove is worn simply to protect the knuckles and to give compactness to the hand. As to the different movements and blows it would take up too much space to go into details. And again it is hardly necessary. Get the bag and you will soon teach yourself how to do the punching. At first you must be careful not to get hit by the ball when it rebounds from the platform after you strike it. This is only a preliminary danger, however. You'll soon become too light on your feet and expert at dodging with your head to be in danger from this source. Learn your straight blows, right from the shoulder, and the full swings first. Then gradually, after you have become fast and clever, learn the fancy movements. But practice just as much as you possibly can. That's the first and last, your most important lesson.

SHARKEY AGAIN.

Tom Sharkey is terribly in earnest over his match with Champion Jim Jeffries, and also over the chance of another meeting with the big Akron Giant. Gus Ruhlman, says a New York dispatch. He has the promise of having a shy at Peter Maher in case the latter should trim Ruhlman Monday

night. With this one battle already clinched and the chance of another in view, the Sailor has already started in to work. He means to get himself in the best possible shape. On Monday he goes to Philadelphia to post a forfeit to meet the winner of the Ruhlman-Maher fight.

PURSE OFFERED.

Saturday Art Simms received word from a Youngstown club, offering a purse for a fight between Simms and Eddy Gardner, who agrees to weigh in at the ringside at 130 lbs. There has been difficulty in agreeing as to weight heretofore. The club wants the fight to come off on Jan. 12. Simms went to Youngstown yesterday to arrange details. Simms also expects to fight Harry Lyons in Chicago on Dec. 27. The match was postponed on account of Art's recent injuries. He is improving daily and his physician says he will soon be all right.

WILL SEE THE FIGHT.

Unless all signs fall fully 500 Gothamites will journey to Philadelphia Monday to see Peter Maher and Gus Ruhlman clash before the Penn Art club that evening, says Macon. Both men are training very faithfully and both are likely to toe the scratch in perfect condition. Ruhlman knows if he is bested by Maher he will lose his chance of meeting Jeffries for the championship, and for that reason he will do his best to win. Maher would like above all things to take Gus' place as Jeffries' next vis a vis. There is hardly a chance of Fitzsimmons accepting Jeffries' proposition at present, so the contest between the Irish champion and the American descendant of William Tell is likely to be a hummer from start to finish.

Peter has quite a following in Philadelphia, and if he gets a rousing cheer from his partisans when he enters the ring he is likely to surprise some people. When Gus and Peter met here before the Lenox club the Akron boy stole a march on Maher by going to him immediately after the gong sounded and jabbing him in the face with his left. If he tries to repeat this performance there is likely to be a result very soon thereafter. See if this prediction doesn't come true.

Quarrelsome.



Froggie—Confound those lobster! They can't agree with any one.—New York Journal.

A Matter of Confidence.

"How did he acquire the reputation of being such a brilliant man?" inquired one voter.

"By means of his convincing manner," answered the other. "He got people to believing that he thoroughly understood his own arguments, and they regarded him as a genius."—Washington Star.

In Boston.

His New York Aunt—Then your little brother's education must have been neglected.

Boston Boy—Yes, indeed! Why, he doesn't know the rudiments of metaphysics!—Life.

Bad Form.

"I was greatly mortified at Sylvia's wedding dinner."

"What about?"

"It was a pink affair, and she had picked beads on the table."—Chicago Record.

Haleyon Days.

"Pa, what are the haleyon days?"

"They are the ones a fellow looks back to with pleasure because he has forgotten the last tough luck he was having at the time."—Chicago Times-Herald.

After Trial.

Fligg—I caught my boy smoking a cigar yesterday.

Wicklow—Make him throw it away? "I threw it away myself. It was evidently a two fer."—Indianapolis Press.

Milk.

"We speak of the milk of human kindness."

"To be sure."

"And still we say the quality of mercy is not strained."—Detroit Journal.

Too High.

"D'Auber doesn't shoot so much about 'high art' as he used to."

"No, the last thing he exhibited was skied by the committee."—Philadelphia Press.

An Explanation.

Weeks—Your wife fares up pretty often, doesn't she?

Weeks—Yes; you see, I married one of my old flames.—Chicago News.

KIND OLD BOWSER.

HE EXPERIMENTS WITH A BOON FOR ALL MANKIND.

Figures That It Will Be Little More Than a Mere Boon For Him, and Figures Right, as the Event Proves.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

After dinner, during which he had seemed much preoccupied, Mr. Bowser had passed through the kitchen into the back yard and poured about two pails of water into an empty barrel. The cook looked at him suspiciously from the half open door, and Mrs. Bowser wondered what he was up to, but nothing was said until he had kicked off his shoes and settled down for the evening. He had been aching for ten minutes to be questioned when Mrs. Bowser observed:

"Are you going to shut the water off from this street to make repairs to the pipes?"

"Not that I know of," he replied. "Look here, now, but I want to tell you something, and I don't want you to about 'fad' over it and call me a fool. I think I've got hold of a big thing. In fact, I believe I am about to produce a boon for all mankind."

"Going to turn water into elder vinegar?"

"There you go with a sneer in your voice! By hen, but you do provoke me! Why can't you give me a word of encouragement in seeking to win fame and riches?"

"Well, tell me all about it, and I'll give you my opinion."

Mr. Bowser picked up the cat and pulled her tail in an absentminded way and finally said:

"You know what snow is, of course. It's useful enough out in the country, where they want to drag saw logs to mill, but it is a source of expense to

the amount of millions of dollars in the cities. It costs New York city alone about \$350,000 to get rid of her winter's snow. The snow must be shoveled up and carted off, you see."

"Yes, I see."

"Well, suppose the snow could be melted on the streets and in the yards and the water run off into the rivers; suppose it could be done for about a hundredth part of the expense of removal—would there be worldwide fame and millions of dollars for the inventor of the process or nothing?"

"It would be a splendid idea," said Mrs. Bowser.

"Now you are talking. Now you are offering the encouragement to your husband expected of a wife. Say, my dear woman, I wouldn't sell my secret for \$5,000,000."

"You can melt the snow on the streets, can you?"

"I can melt it as fire melts grease. I can clean a whole city block with one barrel of fluid. I can melt snow for about a cent a ton. It's a discovery that will knock the world off its feet."

"And how do you discover the process?" asked Mrs. Bowser as she kept a serious face.

"Partly by means of an old manuscript left by a sailor who died in the hospital and partly by a man who was out of work and was willing to part



MR. BOWSER BUSIER.

hot water to melt it?" queried the cook.

"By the living fingo, but she'll work or bust!" shouted Mr. Bowser as a wave of anger surged over him. "Stand back there and glumme room."

He seized the barrel with a strong grip and up ended it over the chunk of ice and then gave it a kick that sent it flying across the yard. Mrs. Bowser and the cook had retreated to a safe distance, but the cat had advanced to satisfy her feline curiosity. As the barrel went rolling the cat screamed out and began jumping up and down, but in half a minute changed from jumping to a wild career about the yard.

"You ought to be ashamed to kick a cat!" exclaimed Mrs. Bowser, as the evicting went on.

"I never kicked her!" he replied.

"What in thunder can all her? Glumme a club till I drive her over the fence."

He was looking about for a weapon when he gave a sudden start. Then he uttered an exclamation and tried to lift both feet off the ground at once. Then he kicked off his shoes and seemed to start in pursuit of the cat, and he had circled the yard twice before Mrs. Bowser and the cook grabbed him.

"Water—a pail of water—my feet!" he howled, and as soon as the water was drawn he plunged his feet into the pail.

"Now, then, will you explain this circus?" asked Mrs. Bowser as a look of relief came to his face.

"The acid got to my feet," he replied.

"There was a gallon of acid, you know. The cat must have stepped into a puddle of it."

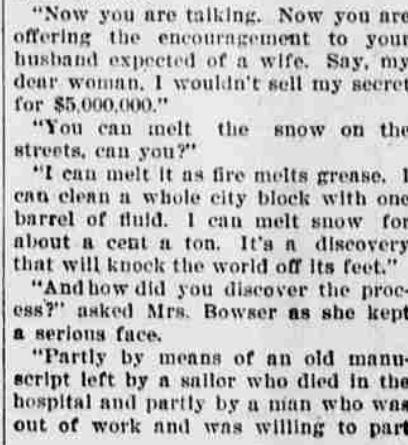
Mrs. Bowser got out the bottle of sweet oil and some rags, and the blistered feet were made comfortable, and their sole owner and proprietor hobnobbed up stairs and stretched himself out on the lounge. Mrs. Bowser hadn't called him a lunatic or an idiot, but he felt that he had lost prestige and must regain it. She was still cuddling him when he sat up and pointed a finger at her and hoarsely whispered:

"Woman, I understand all!"

"All about melting snow?" she innocently asked.

"All about why my experiment was a failure. Don't seek to hide your guilt by looking at me in that bold faced way. While I was gone to the drug store you sneaked down and put salt or ashes or vinegar or something into that barrel!"

M. QUAD.



with his information for \$5. It's straight and sure, and within two hours I'll be melting ice to prove it."

"Well, I hope there's something in it."

"Something in it! My dear woman, when I start with one barrel of water I'll end up with ten barrels of gold. Your words of encouragement have done wonders for me. I must now go to the drug store after a few ingredients."

He went, and he returned with three bottles and a gallon jug, the contents of which were poured into the barrel. Mrs. Bowser still further encouraged him by coming down stairs to see him pour and stir and mix, and the cook was kind enough to remark that Mr. Bowser looked like a man who would not knowingly blow up or set fire to his own house in order to kill off a poor girl working for \$15 per month. It was an hour before the experiment

was ready. The dead sailor's manuscript and the hard up man's advice were to the effect that the mixture need not stand over ten minutes, but Mr. Bowser wanted to make a sure thing of it. The stuff had a rank, acid smell but he sniffed at it as heartily as if it had been cologne. A chunk of ice was brought from the refrigerator and laid on the ground, and with a great deal of solemnity he dipped a stick with a sponge tied to the end of it in the barrel and sopped it over the ice. There was no explosion or sudden outburst of

fame. The ice disappeared forward and melted on the chunk. Of course ice won't melt as quickly as snow, and in his own mind Mr. Bowser gave that chunk three minutes to vanish off the cold earth. The liquid honeycombed it and threw out a tanyard odor, but there was no melting.

"What seems to be the matter?" Mrs. Bowser finally queried.

"I—I may not have put enough on," replied Mr. Bowser as he renewed the sop with liberal hand. "There can't be no mistake in the mixing, and the thing is bound to work. Can't you keep that blamed cat away?"

The cat was chased away, and there was another painful period of waiting. The ice could be heard cracking, and it freckled up like a schoolman in summer, but there was no melting.

"Perhaps the discovery only alluded to very soft snow," suggested Mrs. Bowser.

"Soft snow be hanged!" he shouted. "I tell you this thing is all right. The stuff I put in cost \$1.50, and it's bound to work."

"Then why don't it work? And if it cost \$1.50 for two pails full how are you going to remove snow for a cent a ton? I hope you have got a good thing, but it strikes me—"

"Oh, yes, you are always being struck!" he interrupted. "And this very minute you are hoping I will make a failure of this thing. But I won't, though. Perhaps it needs more stirring."

He seized the stick and stirred and swirled and poked, and again the chunk of ice was doped. The smell was ranker, but that was the only result. It was like waiting for the minister to get through with his remarks at a funeral.

"Perhaps the dying sailor left the wrong manuscript?" said Mrs. Bowser by way of breaking the painful silence.

"Why don't he take a tenkettle of

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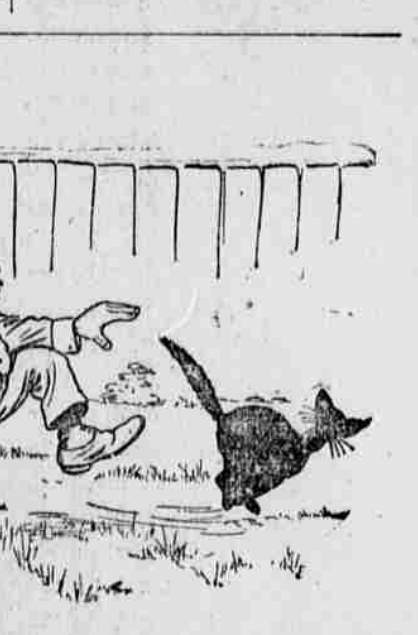
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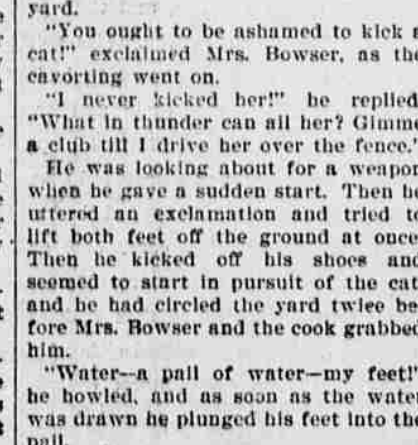
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would be a relief for me to feel settled for 30 days, and he settled me. Can I look for any such outpouring of sympathy in this cold hearted west?"

"Not by a blamed sight!" shouted the policeman as he flourished his club, "and if you aren't around the corner in seven jumps I'll assist you!"

"Officer," quietly replied the man, with a bow, "the officer east gives way before the cold hearted west, and I go—I hasten—I fly. Good night to you sir, and should you ever come east and I meet you on Broadway and you ask me where the Bowery is and I recognize your profile I will flick blades out of you in just two minutes!"

M. QUAD.

The Coming Apparel.

And it seems that the "shirt waist man" was making loud and unseemly noises on the "stentch floor of the big hotel."

"What is the trouble with that guest, Front?" demanded the clerk.

"De gen'man says he dun broke his lace on can't go out," elucidated Front.

"Well, here is a shoe lace, Front. Take it up to him."

"Tain't a shoe lace he wants, boss; it's a corset lace."—Chicago News.



THE JUDGE'S ADVICE.

unsaid, but I think things can be managed that no one will suffer in reputation. Let us agree that the Bug can't run over five miles in a day, which is really something to boast of, and that the Elephant is only 50 times his size, which is a great many. On the other hand, we will agree that if the Elephant could squeeze into a rat-hole he prefers to keep out. Will this be satisfactory to both of you?"

"It will," was the reply in chorus.

"Then shake hands and be friends."

Moral—Logic and reason can almost always make things right.

M. QUAD.



"I had a very fine thing in the R. A. this year."

"Oh! What was it?"

"A full length portrait of myself."—King.

UNCLE ELI'S FABLES.

The Pleasing and Entertaining Tale of the Bug and the Elephant.

[Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.]

Once upon a time the Bug went to the Lion and indignantly complained that the Elephant had been slandering him.

"In what particular thing?" asked the Lion.

"Why, he told the Wild Ass that I could not run ten miles in a day to save my life, and that he was a hundred times bigger'n me."

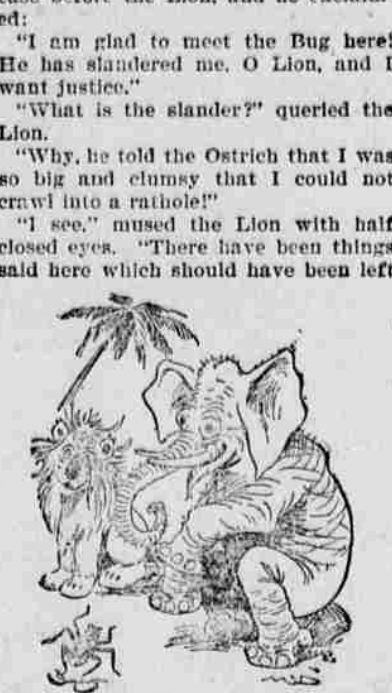
At that moment the Elephant arrived, having also determined to lay his case before the Lion, and he exclaimed:

"I am glad to meet the Bug here! He has slandered me, O Lion, and I want justice."

"What is the slander?" queried the Lion.

"Why, he told the Ostrich that I was so big and clumsy that I could not crawl into a rat-hole!"

"I see," mused the Lion with half closed eyes. "There have been things said here which should have been left



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An Illiterate.

Jane—What did you ever reject John Gray for?

Kitty—He was so illiterate.

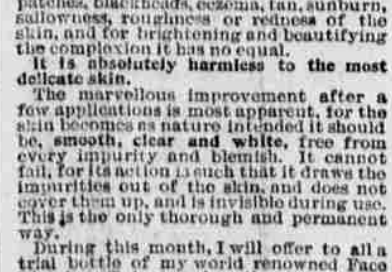
Jane—Illiterate! Why, I thought he was a man of superior education.

Kitty—Well, he wasn't. He didn't even know the rudiments, for when I told him "No" and thought sure he would read between the lines, would you believe it, the gump picked up his hat and went home!—Detroit Free Press.

Complicated.

Mrs. Hibbits—Where were you last night, my dear?

Mr. Hibbits—Really, my love, I don't know. I had no guidebook.—Ohio State Journal.



Madame A. Ruppert says: "My face is not a new, untired beauty, but has been used by the best people for years, and for dissolving and removing freckles, pimples, blackheads, blotches, tan, sunburn, sallowness, roughness or redness of the skin, and for brightening and beautifying the complexion it has no equal. It is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin."

The marvellous improvement after a few applications is most apparent, for the skin becomes as nature intended it should be, smooth, clear and white, free from every impurity and blemish. It cannot fail, for its action is such that it draws the impurities out of the skin, and does not cover them up, and is invisible during use. This is the only thorough and permanent way.

During this month, I will offer to all a trial bottle of my world renowned Face Bleach, sufficient to show that it is all that I claim for it, and any reader of this can send me 3 cents in stamps or silver, and I will send the trial bottle, securely packed in plain wrapper, sealed, all charges prepaid.

My book "How to be Beautiful" will be mailed free to all who will write for it.

TIADANE A. RUPPERT.

6 East 14th Street, New York

Mrs. Ruppert's Gray Hair Restorative actually restores gray hair to its natural color. Can be used on any shade of hair, and is not a dye, and does not discolor the skin nor rub off. Perfectly harmless and always gives satisfaction.

Mrs. Ruppert's Depilatory removes superfluous hair in five minutes, without pain; will not injure the most delicate skin.

Mrs. Ruppert's Egyptian Balm for softening and healing the face and hands.

Mrs. Ruppert's Hair Tonic positively removes dandruff, all scalp diseases, stops falling hair, and in many cases restores hair.

Mrs. Ruppert's Almond Oil Complexion Soap, made of pure almond oil and wax, is useful for the complexion and warranted not to chafe the most delicate skin. All of the above toilet preparations are always kept in stock and can be had from our local agent.

RISCH & MCCOY,

124 S. Main st.

Akron, O.

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